There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou loueſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance to a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by *Cupids* ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow, with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus* Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burnd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſayle was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue, looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Call you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues your faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtars, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to Shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O vvere fauour ſo,
Your vvords I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I goe,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melody,
Were the vvorld mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you looke, and vvith vvhat art,
You ſvvay the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon h
Hel. O that your frov
Her. I giue him curſe
Hel. O that my praye
Her. The more I hate
Hel. The more I loue
Her. His folly, *Helen*
Hel. None but your
Her. Take comfort:
Lyſander and my ſelfe w
Before the time I did *L*
Seem'd *Athens* like a P
O then, what graces in
That he hath turn'd a he

Lyſ. *Helen*, to you ou
To morrow night, whe
Her ſiluer viſage, in the
Decking with liquid p
(A time, that louers flig
Through *Athens* gates

Her. And in the woo
Vpon faint Pimroſe bec
Emptying our boſomes
There my *Lyſander*, and
And thence from *Athen*
To ſeeke new friends a
Farwell ſweete play-fel
And good lucke grant t
Keepe word *Lyſander*, v
From louers foode, till

Lyſ. I will my *Hermi*
As you on him, *Demetri*

Hel. How happy ſo
Through *Athens* I am t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDIN